I think no Carpenter was he,
no Shipwright, nor no Saylor,
I rather think it for to be
some lusty jovial Taylor:
Or if he were a Glover good,
a Black-Smith, or a Weaver,
By meaning may be understood,
my Child should have a Father.

Or if he were a Butcher bold,
a Baker, or a Brewer,
No secret place my friend shall hold
but I will find him sure;
Or if he were a Serving-man,
a Royster, or a Shaver.
I'le find my Gallant if I can,
my Child must have a Father.

But if I can by no means find
the Man that I adore Sir,
I'le rest my self content in mind,
until my Child is born Sir;
And when he comes to 7 years old,
I by my Child shall gather,
For he will be of qualities
like unto his right Father.

For if a Fleming got my Child,
he will eat all the Butter
Or if he be a Spaniard wild,
he'll keep a deadly clutter:
Or if he be an Irish Teague,
my Child will ride the Hobby,
Or if he be a Welsh-man like,
Cetts-Flues he loves *Cows-Bobby*.

Or if he be a Scotch-mans Son,
he will begin a Quarrel,
Or if he be of French-mans Bone,
he'l pawn his best aparrel:
Or if he be a Souldiers Son,
I'le buy him a hat and Feather,
And with a Drum I'le send my Son
to seek out his right Father.

When she had finish'd all her talk,
from thence she soon departed,
And then another way did walk,
both blith and merry hearted;
But then I cannot now surmise,
or any way can gather,
Or which way then she could devise
to find out her Childs Father.

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